

AN

**ADDRESS**

DELIVERED IN THE CHAPEL OF AMHERST COLLEGE

BEFORE THE

**ALEXANDRIAN SOCIETY,**

THE TUESDAY PRECEDING COMMENCEMENT.

**AUGUST 26, 1828.**

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### **TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ALEXANDRIAN SOCIETY.**

**GENTLEMEN**—I cannot flatter myself that the following Address, which you heard with so much candour, will meet the expectations of all who may read it, even if it does their approbation. Every author feels the need of an apology for publishing, but all are not so fortunate as to have one at command. In this case, I plead your own flattering request,—the opinion of many who are your friends and mine, and whose opinion is worth more than my own,—and especially my desire to give my feeble testimony to the worth of your Society, and that of the flourishing and beloved Institution in which it is nurtured. You will find many imperfections, and though I may sincerely wish you to forgive them, yet I do no less sincerely wish you may be able to do better.

Yours with high esteem,

**GROTON, SEPTEMBER, 1828.**

**J. T.**

## ADDRESS.

ALL who have ever watched the operations of their own, or the minds of others, know that positive laziness is the besetting sin of the student. He gives promise of so little, not because he came from the hand of his Creator with a mind so inferior, but because you cannot excite him to severe and continued application. I will not pretend to say that physical and intellectual indolence are parts of original sin; but were they so, they could not control the great mass of mankind more completely than they now do. Hence the many schemes which have been devised to awaken the minds of the young to direct, continued, and close application,—the eagerness of men to discover some royal path to learning. To this end, the youth have been assembled in the groves of Academus, or wrapped in the gown and made to feel themselves distinct beings from the rest of mankind. Hence, too, the many, many plans which have been devised to make scholars without study, and the solicitude with which any new plan of education has been patronised. Parents cannot endure to see their sons dunces, and their children cannot endure severe and continued



application. The old paths up the hill of science are too steep, and some new route must be sought with the hope of finding the summit of the mount, and the wreath of fame, without all the usual drudgery.

Now the fact is, the God of nature, for reasons wise, and to minds claiming as little genius as my own, quite satisfactory, sees fit to create but very few geniuses. There may be here and there an Archimedes, endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, and with no less extraordinary application; and a Newton, but for whom "nature, and nature's laws" would have been hid in night, it may be forever. But if few only can flatter themselves that they possess such a mind, all may at least console themselves by recollecting, that the greatest minds which have ever adorned our race, like the brightest stars that ever shone in heaven, have appeared small and dim at their rising.

From the universal declamation on the necessity of enthusiasm in order to success in any pursuit, we should presume it to be a generally-received opinion, that all, or nearly all our intellectual capacity depends on feeling. This is undoubtedly true. The mind must act, and guide the hands to action, in view of some object; and the more your feelings magnify that object, the more you awaken the energies of the mind to action. The lover, to take a familiar example, undoubtedly makes greater exer-

tions to obtain the object of his vows, than he would, did not his feelings magnify her excellencies, and adorn her with charms which nature never bestowed. By enthusiasm, then, I mean deep emotion, continually excited in view of some object. Now provided I can point out any means by which deep emotion may be excited and sustained in the bosoms of the young Gentlemen whom I am called to address, I have done the same thing as to point them to success in their several pursuits; for in this country, enterprise will always be crowned with success.

My general inquiries, then, will be limited to three.

I. What operations of the mind are necessary to excite deep feeling or enthusiasm.

II. How far are these operations of the mind natural.

III. How may they be most advantageously cultivated.

Few operations of the mind awaken higher admiration than that of deep emotion; and this fact, together with the frequent attempts at imitating it by bombastic writers, shows it not merely valuable, but necessary to success which is at all distinguished.

In answer to the first question, *what operations of the mind are necessary to excite and sustain deep emotion*, I should think three things were re-



quisite. I shall first barely mention these, and then give an example of excited emotion, briefly analyzing it.

(1.) A steady, concentrated attention to the thing under consideration.

Whenever you have attempted to bring the mind to make *any* great intellectual effort, you have felt how necessary it is to success, that you have the power, not only of excluding other objects, but of *fixing* and retaining the mind on one point. The mind naturally loves to rove, and unless you keep it to a single point, till you have seen it in all its bearings and relations, and then have power to carry it forward from step to step with clearness and accuracy, you fail to excite deep emotion.

(2.) A careful and thorough investigation is necessary to produce emotion.

Whatever be the object under consideration, you must, in order to have it move you, go to its foundations, and not be contented till you have laid what Johnson calls "the grappling-irons of the understanding" on its constituent principles.

(3.) A vivid imagination is necessary to produce deep emotion.

By this term I simply mean the faculty of quick conception. For it is this which gives the mind new thoughts in the most rapid succession—making every thing brought before it real—going abroad, and by a kind of delegated omnipresence laying all

the works of creation under contribution for imagery and associations that are new, beautiful, or striking.

Having thus enumerated what seem to me to be necessary to emotion, let us now see if they can be found in an example. In order to make this analysis, I look for some object naturally fitted to awaken emotion. A battle on the ocean is such an object. A sea-fight would move any one, could he see it. But something more is necessary besides the bare mention of it. I must be more particular. I take, then, the battle of the Nile.

The day was like one of our most select days in the beginning of June, soft and lovely. The mighty fleet of France was riding at anchor near the shore. The field-army had already landed, under the command of Bonaparte. A little past noon, and at a great distance, little spots appear on the surface of the ocean. They prove to be the English fleet; and both fleets immediately prepare for the struggle. In a few hours, the two fleets are drawn up side by side, and cannonading commences. The flags of each nation hang at every mast-head, and loud and sweet music is heard from every ship, between the momentary discharge of cannon. The great army of Bonaparte, on shore, are drawn up, involuntarily grasping their arms—spectators in agonizing solicitude. The hills around begin to be covered with the inhabitants of the country who have hastened to witness a struggle which is to de-



cide the fate of their nation. All is breathless silence on the shore,—all is noise, confusion, groans, and death on the water. The sun goes down, lingering in redness, as if in anger and grief, at the half-completed sight he is leaving. By this time the smoke has risen up, and hung the heavens with blackness. The roar of cannon from both fleets is unremitted. The night is still, and as the broadsides momentarily flash up amid the darkness, the army of Bonaparte are seen still in their position, as if afraid to move. The darkness, the firing, the shouts, the groans, all increase. It is now about midnight, and the largest ship in the French fleet is discovered to be on fire. She is a ship of one hundred and twenty guns. All hopes of extinguishing the flames are instantly cut off. The men, more in number than the audience before me, jump into the water to save life. The flames roll up in the darkness along the masts and rigging,—they cast a red light over the waters, and give them the appearance of blood,—they throw their light on the shore, and reveal the army of Bonaparte, fixed like statues:—and the swarthy Egyptians in clustering groups—too anxious to speak—too astonished to move. The sight becomes painfully interesting. The music dies away—the cannonading is hushed, and the stillness of the scene is broken only by the half-drawn groans of the dying. All stand with bosoms throbbing,—breathing short—expecting ev-



ery moment the burning ship will be no more. A little past midnight—the fire touches the magazine, and a noise like the crash of a bursting world, and a flash that enlightened the waters and country for thirty miles round, showing every hill and tree covered with anxious spectators,—put an end to the awful suspense. The fleets pause a moment longer, till astonishment is past, and then immediately re-commence their cannonading to decide the victory!

If now, this feeble description of a sea-fight has excited any thing of emotion, let me briefly analyze it, and see if the three things before mentioned are not to be found in it.

The first was *concentrated thought*. And this most evidently was necessary,—else how cou'd you see the position of the fleets—the situation of the land-army—of the Egyptians, and distinctly follow the battle from one step to another, through all its changes.

The second thing mentioned, was *careful and thorough investigation*. This too, will be found necessary in the above example. In order to have the description produce the greatest emotion, I ought to have investigated all the minutiae of a sea-fight, and the more clearly I understand them, the more deeply will my feelings be enlisted. I must know also, that it is a battle between Britain (the only power on earth that can cope with the French by water,) and Bonaparte—a man who aims at uni-

versal empire ; and I must know that if he conquers in this battle, not only does Egypt become his prey, but it is a great step towards subduing other nations. And as an American, I must know also, that if he conquers, his next movement may be to trace his way in blood across the Atlantic, and bring war and misery, if not despotism on my own country.

The last thing enumerated was a *vivid imagination*. The more the imagination is excited while thinking of this battle, the more deep will be the feeling. In a moment, you must think of the interests depending on the issue of the struggle—the state of Europe—the fate of nations—the thousand circumstances of the scene, such as the pride of the commanders—the misery and death of thousands who know not why nor wherefore they fight—the agony and joy which the news will send through Europe—the thrill it will awaken in bosoms which ache over the loss of husbands, and sons, and brothers—the influence which this battle has, on the relations which subsist between individuals and nations ;—and then you must trace the relations between man and his Maker, and the tremendous bearings it must have on the everlasting condition of many in eternity. All this must pass through the mind with the rapidity of a flash ;—and the more vivid the imagination is in creating these associations, the more powerful must be the emotion excited. All I have yet attempted to do, is to anal-



alyze those operations of the mind which are necessary to excite emotion.

My next inquiry is,

II. *How far these operations are natural.*

It cannot be expected, and I am sure it will not be desired, that I here go into a philosophical disquisition as to the equality or inequality of mind with which the soul is endowed as it is brought into being. All conclusions on this point must be deduced from *facts*, and I have not time, even had I ability, to adduce a sufficiency of facts to establish any theory. I believe it *might* be shown, however, that the power of emotion is possessed in unequal degrees; but it is no less clear, that all, or nearly all possess this power in a very good degree.

To illustrate what I mean by its being possessed in unequal degrees in different individuals, let two men whose education and mental discipline have been as similar as external circumstances could possibly allow, be walking together over the ruins of a great city. They pause and gaze at the desolations before them, and as their eyes wander over the scene, they see a man sitting on a broken column of marble, weeping aloud as he looks on the ruins around him. Now supposing, at the same instant, these men were told, ‘these are the ruins of *Carthage*!—that man who is weeping yonder, is *Scipio*, the Roman General, who has just demolished the city after seeing it burning for seventeen days!’ It is evident that new trains of thought would at once

be awakened in the bosom of each. Both would probably be moved, but not equally. Allowing them to have similar moral feelings, the one might wonder at the conduct of man! How inconsistent! that he should now weep over what he has just triumphed in performing—at the pride of iron-footed Rome, which should take upon herself the province Deity, and issue the irrevocable decree, “*Carthago delenda est!*” He might think with Scipio, that this haughty mistress of Destiny might herself one day be in the same condition,—and he might gaze at the desolations of smoking Carthage as the grave of liberty—the monument of a brave though wicked people, and sigh that even the arm of an Hannibal could not save!

In the mean time, the other might have still deeper emotions, as he thought of the misery which must have been endured, ere the city was thus destroyed—of the savageness of man who could thus glory in the murder of a great nation, because their breathing the air of heaven, might thwart some design of ambition—of the transitory nature of all that is earthly, proclaimed by the voice of extinguished nations—of the wickedness of the human heart which could thus revel in the miseries of empires—of the relations which conquerors and the conquered must stand in to each other in a coming world, and the inscrutable designs of Him who created beings, and then permitted them to mar his works, and destroy the very image of the God-head!



These thoughts pass through the mind of each in a moment. They were both moved, but not in an equal degree. If I am asked why not, I shall attempt to give no reason except the fact, that they seem not to be naturally susceptible of equal emotion.

Let two men be walking over a barren heath in the East—both weary by the fatigues of the journey—let it be in the calm of the evening. Let them hear nothing but the hooting of the owl, and they feel no emotion. But let them be told that the owl which they hear is hooting from the ruins of Persepolis,—and they are moved, but not equally so. I need not trace the difference.

But I wish to shew more particularly, that all are susceptible of emotion in a good degree, and of course, all are capable of being excited to effective action.

(*a.*) Those who have in any degree studied the diseases of the mind, are aware that there is at least one kind of disease of the brain, which almost invariably excites the animal and mental energies of the patient. You seldom go into an Insane Hospital without finding kings and emperors, holding a dignified and appropriate command over ideal kingdoms. No matter what may have been their condition in life, and apparently no matter whether they were ever moved while sane; as soon as reason has left the helm, their thoughts are lofty, quick, and often truly sublime. And I believe facts will warrant me

in saying, that hardly any mind, let the brain be diseased in a certain way, will fail of shewing this susceptibility of emotion.

(b.) The same is true of reverie, which is a kind of short, though delicious madness. Every man as he has thrown loose the reins of the mind into the hand of Fancy, has been conscious at times of having more beautiful, more vivid, and I may add deeper emotions, than when reason and judgment are on the throne.

(c.) You have doubtless noticed too, than when the senses are locked up in sleep, what we call Dreams, though but indistinctly remembered, often call us to mental and physical exertions, to which we are strangers while awake. Johnson, who was better at making Dictionaries than poetry, says that he once wrote poetry in his sleep for a wager; and though his rival won the prize, yet he comforts himself, that he himself, did in fact, write both poems; —and Johnson is not the last who could be moved to write more eloquently while asleep, than when wide awake with the quill in the hand.

(d.) In turning the pages of history, you often meet with men, who, when placed in unexpected and critical circumstances, have shown a greatness of thought, and a reach of soul drawn out in action, which, but for these circumstances, no one would ever have predicted of them.

(e.) It seems to be the general opinion of mankind, that man is a creature of circumstances, and



is great, active, effective, or otherwise, according as you can bring circumstances to bear upon him to call forth his energy. Gray has finely touched this universally-acknowledged principle in his inimitable Elegy.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,—  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed—  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre!

\* \* \* \* \*

Some Village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,—  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest—  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood!

If then, all may be excited, and that deeply, why are we not more frequently moved to action? To answer this question, would lead to a long discussion. I can only say, that one great obstacle is the habits to which our minds have been shaped by our mode of education. It needs a prodigious native force of mind to break through the shackles thrown upon it by a system of habits calculated to cramp every thing like feeling. But no one who is capable of being moved on any occasion, and who has strong conceptions on any subject, though these conceptions be rare and transient, need fear but he is capable of thinking, and writing, and acting with great efficiency, if he will cultivate his powers. This leads to the most important inquiry,

III. *How you can most advantageously cultivate that emotion which will result in effective action*

We are so constituted, that all our moral and intellectual faculties may be cultivated at our pleasure, and to almost any extent we please. I do not mean that our powers are under the direct control of volition, but that the proper and adequate means of cultivating them are in our power.

As all our ideas and most of our emotions, according to Locke, are excited by external objects, the first means of cultivating emotion, obviously, is to place ourselves in contact with those objects. This brings us to a single inquiry, viz. what external objects are adapted to awaken feeling? I reply, in general, all natural scenery which is in any manner connected with the fate of intelligent beings.

Let a man visit the wild scenery of nature in all its desolateness and savageness:—let him traverse sunless forests—mountains in all their bleakness—rocks cleft by the lightnings of Heaven—let him people these deserts with the men of other times, whose memories and whose names died on the breeze that mingled with their expiring breath---let him conceive that these mountains once rung with the voice of the swift hunter---that every speck on the wide landscape before him, is the bone of some human being---let the dead of other days pass before him---their history or oblivion---their victories or slaughters, or agonies,---let every breeze sigh that man is vanity and dust,---and he will be moved while thus viewing the works of nature. But to heighten the emotion, let moral feelings come into



his aid. Once more let him look at the same leafless desert---frowning precipice--rocks projecting from mountains, as if the skeleton was too big to be covered---wastes seemingly interminable,---and now let these scenes be connected with the history of man as he stands related to God. This disordered nature speaks of a time when the Eternal brake up the fountains of the deep. These hurricanes which come like the angel of desolation, and this broken world shew the footsteps of a God who has frowned on man. The dark clouds which gather and burst—the torrents which rush down the mountain-side, dashing and foaming, and roaring, may move you deeply by conceiving them to be but mimic representations of that flood which he once poured from the hollow of his hand upon an overwhelmed world. And then let the thoughts go forward, and let the soul wrap itself up in the sublimities of the great Judgment—gathering around itself the multitudes who have peopled this earth—contemplating the mysteries and the complications of this existence as they will then be unravelled by the Deity himself, and the everlasting destiny of untold myriads, as it will be heard by the side of a burning creation, when the pillars of the universe are giving away,—and you may be sure such scenes will excite and cultivate the power of emotion.

I have mentioned the landscape ; but the ocean though less complicated, is still better calculated to excite emotion. The impression will be deeper,

more awful, and for this reason, of shorter duration. He who can view the interminable bed of waters convulsed and lashed to fury—tossing the proudest works of man as a feather on its bosom,—roaring and raging as if about to swallow up a world in its dark yawnings—he who can view this unmoved, need not despair of being moved,—but let him see the same ocean in the darkness of midnight, with just light enough to see a ship going to wreck amid the foam of the deep—and with the power of hearing just sufficient to hear the convulsive shrieks of human beings struggling for life amid the howlings of the storm,—and if he be not moved at this, he may despair of ever being moved.

It will be readily seen that in these examples, feeling is greatly heightened by associating the fate of intelligent beings with the scenes contemplated; and usually this fate must be connected with suffering.

But as all cannot, owing to their circumstances, visit such scenes of nature as would excite and cherish emotion, is there not a more ready way of cultivating this faculty? My answer will be anticipated; for every one knows that reading a description of what others have seen and felt, will kindle emotion in ourselves.

The second means, then, of cultivating deep feeling, is to read writers who describe such events as were produced by enthusiasm. To name all such writers is not necessary. A very few will illustrate what I mean.



HOMER is an acknowledged specimen of deep feeling; but it is to be feared, that while he is praised by many, he is read only by a few. Most are too much occupied by other pursuits, or are too indolent to follow his genius in his own language, and the genius seen through the medium of a translation, is too tame, and too feeble to be called Homer's.

The Augustan age produced specimens of poetry and prose which exhibit a *polish* of mind seldom, if ever equalled,—yet none of them excite much emotion in the reader.

In our own tongue, YOUNG is often sublime, but oftener attempting it without success. His is the emotion of a restless mind, which, after being disappointed with earthly enjoyments, is trying to amuse itself, rather than to satisfy its longings, by creating glittering bubbles,—giving them names, and then bursting them.

SHAKSPEARE abounds in the sublime. He excels in painting high-wrought passions, and brings before you poor human nature writhing in nakedness—torn and bleeding under the contention of its own unsanctified passions.

MILTON, on the whole, is perhaps the greatest example of uninspired, great conception, which the world has ever seen. The whole plan of his great poem, its machinery, its characters, their circumstances, the actions and conduct of all concerned, leave the mind of the reader in astonishment at a

sublimity so raised, so long sustained ; and he wonders not that Burns should fall in love with Satan—as drawn by Milton. There is little danger of reading him too much.

Among the writers of our day whose works are peculiarly fitted to awaken emotion, I select only a few.

CHALMERS is well known to you. He is lofty and vivid in imagination,—great in plan,—happy in illustration,—strong and pointed in argument, and powerful in his appeals to the affections as well as to the intellect. There is danger, however, that young men attempt to imitate his *manner*, rather than his *matter*, and thus give us the disagreeable contortions of the Sybil, with nothing of her inspiration.

EDWARD IRVING will often startle you by pointing to things new and strange, though the vehicle in which he conveys you, is often very hard to ride in,—very noisy and uncouth in its movements, and very irregular in its progress. He seems like a brawny giant, now wielding a club with a power that Hercules might envy, and now blowing a feather with an awkwardness that a child might pity !

The author of the Waverly Novels, gives you several kinds of emotion, such as are awakened by vivid descriptions of natural scenery,—thrilling and chilling descriptions of physical suffering, and of mental agony arising from the remorse consequent upon the perversion of the passions. Though he



will often make you shudder at hardened villany,—tremble with solicitude for innocence,—lament the fate of misguided courage, or the sufferings of artless virtue, yet these writings, though containing much to move, contain nothing like the feeling excited by reading *Othello*, *Macbeth*, or *Hamlet*.

BYRON gives you a gloomy sublimity. It is the sufferings of the human mind with but one set of passions in exercise ;—a soul always great, dark, gloomy, miserable, hopeless. If he scorns to convey you over the peaceful lake, while he proudly hurries you over the ocean, you soon perceive that his approach, like that of the angel pouring out his vial of wrath, turns even the ocean into blood ; and you feel that there is nothing on earth so desolate, as a great mind taking and tasting all the delights of earth, and then dashing them away, because unsatisfying, and then, with no heart to commune with God, emptying its complaints and curses on the ways of God.

Of Pollok's *Course of Time*, it becomes me thus early, to say but little. Excellencies he certainly has, and a goodly stock of them ; and though he has deficiencies and defects, to draw upon these excellencies, yet the pure and pious heart may rejoice that he will not be left in bankruptcy, even after all the drafts, which the severest criticism can present, are paid.

But I would mention a book which you need be in no danger of estimating too highly. I mean the

Holy Scriptures. I say nothing about their effect upon the moral feelings. I speak of them simply as a composition adapted to produce that deep feeling which is inseparable from honorable action. Would you have the idea of the calm majesty of the Deity? They place him before you in the deliberate attitude of *walking*—but walking on the wings of the wind. Would you have confidence to act, feeling that you have a friend always near? You have only to go to the eighteenth Psalm, and enter into its spirit. The writer has emotions almost too deep for words. Language and expressions are soon exhausted. The sorrows of the grave have compassed him,—the floods of hell are let loose upon him, and death has thrown his snares over him, and dragged him into deep waters. Then it is, that he lifts his voice to God for aid. He cries, and the earth trembles, the hills shake. The Almighty breathes, and glowing coals are kindled. The solid heavens are bowed down—the descending pathway of God is thick darkness,—his pavilion is the thickness of blackness. The Eternal speaks—his enemies are scattered. He descends—the foundations of the earth are laid bare—it melts to its centre. He looks—the coverings of hell are torn away—the suppliant is taken from the deep waters and placed on the Rock of ages, where he is left celebrating the power and mercy of the Deity!

When Inspiration would appeal to your hopes, and lead you to act in view of hope, she represents



Heaven—by images drawn from objects pure, lovely, valuable in this world. The city is painted, its streets of unalloyed gold, with its very gates and walls of the richest, choicest, costliest stones which earth can yield; and there are thrones, and crowns, and the melody of golden harps, and the voices of unnumbered myriads who walk in robes of white—emblems of their purity. The pomp of kings, the glory of conquerors, the magnificence of earthly greatness—the splendors of creation, are all collected to adorn the very streets of the New Jerusalem!

The Scriptures would appeal to your fears, and thus excite to action. The imagination toils, and conceptions are but half formed. Hell is a prison-house of despair—a store-house of woe. Darkness is woven into everlasting chains—unalterable doom is written in letters of fire. The Lake is interminable—its billows are raised and heaved, and reddened by the power of a hand which is stretched out still to smite.\*

The last, and most efficient means of cultivating such feeling as will lead to action, remains to be mentioned. *It is to enlist your sympathies, your*

\* The author is exceedingly happy to learn that the Holy Scriptures are about to be introduced into Amherst College as a Class-Book. Of the utility of this step, he has no doubt; of its ultimate popularity with the students and the public, he has as little doubt. The unpopularity of the measure, if any, will be with those who fear lest the young will be biased in their religious opinions; but such may comfort themselves, by reflecting, that while it will make the student a better scholar, and refine his feelings, the only bias which his mind will receive, will be such as arises from an acquaintance with the moral government of God.

*feelings, and your actions in the moral government of God.*

I speak not more as a theologian than as a philosopher, when I say that there is nothing in the shape of motives in the universe so powerful to draw forth action, as the great plans in the moral government of God. Nor is it out of place here to say, that men have become immortal on earth, not in proportion to their genius, but in proportion as their genius has been sanctified, or consecrated to religion. VOLTAIRE undoubtedly had a master's genius, and his was one of the most gifted minds which ever came from the creating hand of God,—and yet, how few ever speak of Voltaire! He devoted that mind to pull down the pillars of truth and holiness, and the consequence is, his name is fast floating down the stream of oblivion. While COWPER, with a genius far inferior, is becoming more and more the admiration of men; and will undoubtedly become the Poet which nations will read. The reason is, he entered into the sympathies of the moral government of God, and as fast as others do so with their feelings, their bosoms respond to the notes of his lyre. Milton too, has poured forth scarcely less strength, richness of imagery, power of thought, and pointedness of expression in his political works, than he has in his immortal poem. And yet, were it not for his poem, his name would long ago have gone down to the shades. The reason is, that religion will live and be unchanging, while human



governments and politics are constantly changing. Who, I may ask, are the musicians of nations, and of different ages? Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. And why? Have there not been as great musicians as these? Undoubtedly. But these men consecrated their powers to religion, and therefore will their names be dear to thousands in every clime under heaven.

Many an orator has raised his voice in the English Senate, and the world has felt the power of his eloquence. But who would not give more for the immortality that will hang around the name of WILBERFORCE, than for that of all others who stand on that long list of worthies? And why? Because he was moved by the cries of bleeding humanity, and entered into the work as being a plan of God to break asunder the bondage of slavery. A whole continent will yet learn his name; and not a child will one day sit under his palm-tree in all Africa, who will not glow at hearing the name of Wilberforce; and if there be a guardian Angel over that continent, methinks he will not be the last to welcome the spirit of Wilberforce to his crown of glory!

Many a fair name has come down from antiquity on the roll of immortality. They were orators, and spake of the dangers which hung over nations. They were poets, and sung of the achievements of courage. They were philosophers, and speculated on almost every thing. But there was a poor man

once walking the streets of Athens, and reading the inscriptions over their altars, and gazing at their temples, with whom they felt it degrading to dispute. His was no lofty theme. No words of human wisdom made up his eloquence; and yet he is read more, and exerts more influence on mankind, than all the hosts of the learned ancients. But PAUL was linked in with the great plans of God, and his efforts could not help making him immortal.

I mention one more example of a man moved by a regard to the plans of God. MARTIN LUTHER. When the world had bowed itself under the dark sway of papacy, and a cloud of pitch had been rolled over the church for a thousand years, and ignorance had become the mother of devotion, then it was that Luther arose. He felt and acted as a being who was accountable to God. Religion made him her child, and he formed the mighty design of breaking the fetters of papacy, and raising a world to light and religion. He saw the work—its vastness—its difficulties, and the opposition that lay before him, but after he had counted the cost, and consecrated his powers to God, he acted. No time was lost between planning and executing. The very first blow he struck, made the Beast roar with a wound that must be fatal. Ridicule stood forth and threw the mockings of millions upon his head—and they chilled him as much as the soft dews of evening would chill the lion, bounding away in his strength. His purpose was fixed. A world was



to be waked up, and Luther could not stop to smile at—much less to notice opposition or ridicule. He is next assailed with anathemas. The church of Rome thunders forth her excommunication, and he is no more moved, than is the calm moon in the heavens as she looks down upon the wolves which are howling at her brightness. The united powers of church and state endeavor to crush this troublesome man; and even while they are raising the blow, Luther places one foot on Germany and the other on Switzerland, and the pillars of superstition and error tremble, and totter and fall, within his mighty grasp. He translated the *Bible*, and triumphed over opposition. It was not brilliancy of talents,—it was not an accumulation of learning, but it was a soul decidedly religious, and thereby as fixed as the everlasting foundations of the earth. It was the force acquired under the high motives of eternity, that made the rest of mankind feel that their opposition could no more move him, than the zephyrs of May could sweep down the eternal piles of the Andes; and it was these that urged him to action, and gave him a power over man, but little less than that of delegated omnipotence, and the world bowed before the plans of such a spirit!

You have seen common men, whose ambition never rose higher than the door of their cottage, and their views were never more extended than to embrace their neighborhood, and who seemed to be created only to vegetate and then die, and be no

more, and yet, when religion took hold of them, they seemed to have shaken off their very nature; they became enlightened with unwonted intelligence, and could go over the great plans of God,—could so have their views enlarged as to take in the wants and miseries of this ruined world, and make new exertions to promote the cause of holiness. I could point you to men who once seemed like the thorn-bush, and who are now fair plants in the garden of God.

Nec longum tempus, et ingens  
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,  
Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

Such men have been moved by the only thing under heaven that could move them,—and that was religion.

I need not tell you that God has plans connected with this world, which each of us is to affect some way or other. If you would have feeling kindled, and enthusiasm excited, and the soul drawn out in action, then fall in, heart and hand, with these plans, and let Jesus Christ become your leader! Does any lip curl with contempt—as if this were an object unworthy of his powers of mind? But what if God created and gave you these powers of mind for this very purpose? What if he will judge you at last, according as you have fulfilled these designs or neglected them? But you mistake. The object is no less than to wage war with



sin with its hydra heads, and its legion of shapes, and drive it off the earth. It is to raise a world lying at the gates of death, to the region of life and immortality. It is to help carry out those great plans which have occupied the bosom of the Deity from eternity, and which are to tell on every succeeding moment as it rises up through everlasting ages.

Does any one say that none are engaged in this cause but the poor and lowly ! Be it so. In the hand of God, the lowly fisherman can change the face of empires. But you need not stand on this ground. Minds that have adorned the name of fallen man, have been swayed by these motives,—have struggled through difficulties on earth, and are now resting in the bosom of God. Nay, the wise only have been governed by these motives, and will shine forth in the kingdom of their Father, as the stars in the firmament forever and ever, and all others have been fools. Every virtuous mind that ever existed, or will ever exist, has been guided by the spirit of religion. In the general assembly of the church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, there may be many who were lowly, and who were despised while on earth, ; but there is not one of them who shall not be a king and a priest unto our God, and who shall not reign with him forever and ever !

The plans in the moral government of God beneath *you* ! Why,—among that great multitude of

angels who stand around the throne of God, there is not one who does not desire to look into these things,—not one who does not cast his crown at the feet of the Lamb, and praise him forevermore ! Is there any thing in the plans which fill the hearts of all the sinless universe of God, which is beneath your notice !

The plans too, of which I am speaking, will go forward. The great work of renovating the world by human exertion will go on. The chariot of salvation is going over the earth, conveying the bread of life to all, and the followers of Christ of every name, are wishing it God-speed. Party names and party feelings are melting away before that flame of benevolence which is now rising from every sanctified heart. It must go onward ! It is the plan of almighty God, and he will see it through !

To unfold and execute these plans of moral government, God created and upholds the universe. The material creation was thrown up as a sort of bridge over which we may pass to the shores of immortality, and when this end is accomplished, it will be removed. Raise your minds, then, to a level with your natures. Enter into the vineyard of God, and enlist your soul in his great plans. You shall not want for consolation here—you shall not want for a glorious reward hereafter. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath the heart conceived, the rewards of the servants of God. Oh ! that



when that great assembly shall be gathered, and our lives are all reviewed, it may be seen that we have been actuated by a regard to the glory of God ; and then, if there is a single tear in any eye, God will wipe it away forever !

18  
The first thing I did was to go to the  
office and see what was going on.  
I found everything in a state of confusion.  
The staff were all looking at me as if I  
were a stranger.

I then went to the bank and saw  
the manager. He told me that the  
money was all gone. I was  
in a state of shock. I had  
lost everything. I had no money.  
I had no home. I had no family.  
I was alone in the world.

I then went to the police and  
told them what had happened.  
They took me to the hospital and  
I was put in a room. I was  
in a state of shock. I had  
lost everything. I had no money.  
I had no home. I had no family.  
I was alone in the world.

I then went to the court and  
told them what had happened.  
They took me to the hospital and  
I was put in a room. I was  
in a state of shock. I had  
lost everything. I had no money.  
I had no home. I had no family.  
I was alone in the world.

I then went to the court and  
told them what had happened.  
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